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SERENELY TRUST!

"How can we know that the flowers will bloom,
When blue, and scarlet, and gold,
Lighting no more the forest's gloom,
Lie slain by the frost and cold?

How can we tell that the birds again
Will warble from leafy spray?
Garden, and copse, and wood, and fen,
Saw them all fly away.

And yet serenely for bird and flower
We wait spring's fragrant breath.
Faint hearts, shall we not trust His power
To lift the veil of death?"

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2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

HONEST LIVING.

Professor Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia University framed recently a simple code of ethics, in which he set forth what he holds to be the cornerstones of character. One of these he calls "honest living," which is shown to mean much more than paying your debts and keeping within the law.

"Honest living means putting back into the world as much as you take out of it. You don't live honestly if, being ablebodied, in good health, and of sound mind, you let somebody else pay your way. You don't live honestly if, when you become a business man, you get something for nothing; from the legislature or the city, or from your customers, or from your wage-earners. Put back in some way, in some service, or improvement, or benefaction, above all in a fair price and a just wage, as much as you take out of the resources of the earth, out of the revenues and common possessions of the community, and out of the toil of men. If you don't you are a thief, even if you seem to be respectable, and people are fooled into believing that you are."

Co-operation is another of the corner-stones of character presented by Professor Giddings.

"Learn to work with your fellows. It is not enough that you should tolerate them and avoid wronging them. It is not enough that you should mind your own business and be self-supporting. Civilization has been created and is carried on by team-work. Get into the game. Take your part in the great collective struggle to make life more worth while for everybody. Study to combine your efforts with the efforts of others in this great enterprise, tactfully, intelligently and effectively."

We recall here what has been called "A Candid Obituary" recently in the Marquette Tribune. The paper spoke of the man as a unique character; and, after remarking that it was difficult to make an honest comment and that it did not want to say anything unkind of the man, continued:

"He put nothing into this world and got nothing out of it. His hoarded wealth brought him an early grave, and he could take none of it with him. He was honest as he saw honesty, obeyed the laws of the land when it cost him nothing, neighbored with no one, trusted no one, got all he could, and kept all he got. His uppermost philosophy of life was a false one; that is, that a man with money in his pocket must of necessity have friends and happiness. He contracted no debts, gave nothing to charity or public enterprise, knew nothing about the high cost of living, travelled none, read little, never spent a cent foolishly, never invested or gambled. Many a lad of ten has seen more of life worth living than he. He belonged to no societies, fraternal or religious. He enjoyed making good deals in buying and selling. He was sober, industrious, independent, a stickler for the last pound of flesh allowed by law. He has passed to his reward."

All in all perhaps this man here described was a unique character, but not a few of his characteristics are to be seen in many a man today.

Professor Giddings has also a call to "fair play," and says:

"Be careful to perform the little duties of life. Don't make others pick up or clean up after you. Clear away your own litter. If you wash in a public wash-room don't leave the dirty water for the next fellow to be annoyed by and get rid of."

How common that is—the leaving of something one individual ought to do to be done by some one who comes after him! We know of several occurrences of late in our own observation where workmen to save themselves from three to five minutes time have entailed in each instance a half an hour's work on some one else. We know of people who are so careless in their penmanship that linotype operators will be twice as long in setting their articles as they otherwise would be. People need to think more about the other fellow—the man who comes after them. The call to many in this one thing alone is to be honest in their living, and when everything is considered, all human relations taken into account, the call sounds loud in every department of life and in every nook and corner of the world!

SOME OF THE STERN NECESSITIES OF WAR.

In his early political career Lloyd George was an ardent champion of free speech. But the stern necessities of war times have altered him with respect to this. Recently he upheld the use of the Defense of the Realm Act to prohibit the delivery of a course of philosophical lectures by Mr. Bertrand Russell. A London correspondent of the New York Post writes:

"A War Office order has been served on Mr. Russell forbidding him to enter any 'prohibited area.' Prohibited areas include practically all areas near the sea. The intention of the framers of the act itself was, of course, to prevent access by spies to districts in which military operations were being carried on.

"The ban upon Mr. Russell has had one quite ludicrous result. Glasgow happens to be prohibited area while Manchester is not. Mr. Russell visited Manchester in due course, and delivered there the lecture that had been advertised. At Glasgow he could not appear, but a meeting was held in that city, presided over by Sir Daniel Stevenson, ex-Lord Provost, and attended by 1,000 persons, at which a resolution was unanimously passed protesting against the War Office prohibition. At this meeting—according to the report in the Glasgow Herald—the chairman was followed by Robert Smillie, the president of the Miners' Federation, who asked to be allowed to read a paper instead of giving a speech. After reading a long discourse, he announced that it was the lecture Mr. Russell had delivered in Manchester but had been prevented from coming to Glasgow to deliver. So far as he knew, the delivery of the lecture by some other person was not prohibited. The full text of the lecture has since been printed by the National Council for Civil Liberties, and can be obtained by anybody, in Glasgow or elsewhere, at the price of one penny. Yet on the very day that the newspapers reported the holding of this meeting, they reported also a statement by Lloyd George

in the House of Common explaining that the prohibition had been issued because the delivery of these lectures by Bertrand Russell would 'undoubtedly interfere with the prosecution of the war by this country." It would be an unpardonable weakness on our part he added, if we allowed them to be delivered.' "

Mr. Russell is one of the Englishmen who have pointed out that the British Governments' course with respect to the war—its beginnings and the prosecution of it—has not been without fault. Some time ago he was forced out of a lectureship at Cambridge University, England; and after the death of Professor Royce of Harvard was compelled to decline an invitation to lecture there for six months—with a possibility of being Royce's successor—because the British Government would not give him permission to come to this country, fearing that his utterances would serve to create here a feeling against the British and to that extent interfere with the successful prosecution of the war.

For similar reasons Mrs. Philip Snowden is not allowed to leave England any more while the war lasts. When in this country in 1914 and 1915 she was too intimately associated with the peace propaganda. On her return home a leading British paper declared that Mrs. Snowden had done what would lead them to say concerning any man doing the same that he ought to be shot, and that at any rate she ought not to be allowed at large even in England.

It is not surprising that Professor Conybeare, who early in the war made some criticism of his country, made a half-way recantation soon after and ever since has been as silent as if he had gone to his grave. In more ways than one these are sad days in England, and indeed all around the world. An Australian girl who came to San Francisco last week to marry a man to whom she was engaged says:

"The women in Australia have come so under the influence of the spirit that those in power are creating to keep the war going that they will not walk with a man who is perfectly whole and wears civilian's clothes. He must either be wounded or in soldier's attire. My brother, only 22 years old, came home from the war blind in one eye and suffering from fever, and as soon as he was well enough to be out some girl sent him a white feather, and he went back to the front the next day. The last we heard of him he was in a hospital, wounded with a poisoned bullet.

"The women of this country should do all in their power to remain at peace and keep their men free."

WHY THE HONORABLE BERTRAND RUSSELL IS UNDER BAN IN ENGLAND.

In the foregoing article we referred to the fact that the Hon. Bertrand Russell is practically a prisoner in England. It may be of interest to some of our readers to know a little more about the position he took with respect to the war and which has led the Government and many of his fellow citizens to look on him with great disfavor. Nothing from him leaks out of England any longer. But early in 1916 a book by him was published in Chicago by the Open Court Publishing Company. It was entitled "Justice in War Time." Among the articles in it were: "An Appeal to the Intellectuals of Europe," "The Ethics of War," "War and Non-Resistance," "Why Nations Love War," "The Future of Anglo-German Rivalry," "Is a Permanent Peace Possible?" "The Entente Policy, 1904-1915."

In an introduction to the latter Mr. Russell writes: "There are some among us who hold that if our foreign policy had been conducted with more courage, more openness and more idealism, there is a likelihood that the present European war would never have occurred. In holding this view we are in no way concerned to defend the German Government. It is clear, at least to me, that the German Government is much more to blame than our own both for the outbreak of the war and for the way in which the war has been conducted. But Germany's guilt is no proof of our innocence. And if we remain to the end wrapped in self-righteousness, impervious to facts which are not wholly creditable to us, we shall in the years after the war merely repeat the errors of the past and find ourselves in the end involved in other wars as terrible and destructive as the one which we are now waging."

Mr. Russell declared in this book: "Stripped of parliamentary verbiage the fundamental fact about the European situation is that all the Great powers of Europe have precisely the same objects: territory, trade and prestige. In pursuit of these objects no one of the Great Powers shrinks from wanton aggression, war, and chicanery. But owing to the geographical position of Germany and our naval supremacy, England can achieve all its purpose by wars outside Europe; whereas English and Russian policy has shown that Germany cannot achieve its aims except by a European war. We have made small wars because small wars were what suited our purpose. We and they alike have been immoral in aim and brutal in method—each in the exact degree which was thought to be to the national advantage. If either they or we had had loftier aims or less brutal methods, the war might have been avoided. As far as they (the Germans) are concerned, English readers will admit this at once; it is my object in what follows to prove that it is equally true of the Entente." Mr. Russell then considers the Morocco difficulties, the Anglo-Russian Entente, and the Persian affair.

When he comes to consider what England's policy might have been, Mr. Russell says: "Beginning with answers of detail, we find that England on various occasions pursued a policy of quite needless hostility to Germany, and acted in a way which was ideally suited to increase the hold of militarism and aggression on German public opinion. How we acted in regard to Morocco has already been shown. In helping to suppress the Russian revolution we were not only committing a crime against liberty, and a crime against humanity, but we were preventing the removal of the chief argument by which the military party have appealed to the ordinary citizen in Germany. Militarists everywhere base their appeal upon fear: powerful neighbors, they say, are ready to attack us, and unless we are prepared we shall be overwhelmed. The chief bogey used by German militarists for this purpose was Russia. If the Russian revolution had been successful this bogey would have ceased to be efficacious, and a Liberal movement in Germany would have had a far better chance of success. By rehabilitating the Russian autocracy we took one of the surest means of er-enforcing German militarism."

Mr. Russell goes on to state that England's opposition to German colonial expansion was another source of encouragement to German aggressiveness. Here he mentions the Bagdad railway question, remarking: "We opposed the railway, and German enterprise in Mesopotamia, because it was intended that the railway under German control should have a terminus on the Persian Gulf, where we considered we had special interests on account of India. It was supposed that a German naval base on the Gulf would constitute a strategic danger to our naval command of the Indian Ocean. On this ground we opposed the railway unless it were either internationalized or not allowed to extend south of Bagdad. At first the Russians opposed it, but after the Potsdam agreement of 1910 they withdrew their opposition in return for a free hand in Persia. If we

had been the first to withdraw our opposition we could, if we had wished, have procured a **quid pro quo** which would have been a gain, and not a loss, to the general interests of mankind. We could for example have demanded German support in maintaining the independence and integrity of Persia. The strategical danger which we feared was purely imaginary: so long as the Germans did not secure command of the sea, anything which caused them to divide their navy was an advantage to us, as has been shown by the fate of their Pacific fleet. But on account of this imaginary danger we opposed their colonial ambitions and drove them to acquiesce in Russia's Persian crimes."

Another example Mr. Russell declares of the recklessenss with which they allowed their relations with Germany to become embittered was the Naval Scare of 1909; and in the course of this consideration he asserts: "The view now widely prevalent in England that Germany for many years past has been deliberately, without provocation, planning and preparing for the present war is not one which in view of the facts can be maintained. It is clear that there were men in Germany, at first few, but gradually more and more who expected war and prepared for it and even desired it. There were such men also in England, in France, and in Russia—though in the end probably not so many as in Germany. The way to diminish the number of such men would have been to show that every legitimate German aspiration would not be opposed by other Powers."

In the course of his book Mr. Russell says: "The English people is, I believe, the most humane, generous, and peace-loving people in the world, except perhaps the people in America; and consciously and of set purpose it would never tolerate such a policy as its chosen rulers have carried on for the last eleven years." And this, he believes, would not have been allowed if the people had realized what was going on.

In order that there might come no repetition of this course he felt it his duty to declare himself as he has, and is accordingly anathema with very many of his people.

"DAVIS—SOLDIER-MISSIONARY."

The Story of the Life of a Man Who Understood and Touched the Universal Human Heart.

The caption of this article forms the title of an exceptionally interesting biography of an American Board missionary in Japan for thirty-nine years—the Rev. Dr. Jerome D. Davis. It is written by his son, J. Merle Davis, Secretary of the International Committee of Y. M. C. A., Tokyo, Japan.

Jerome D. Davis was a student in Beloit College when the Civil War broke out. He went to the front as a private, returned as a lieutenant—remarkably esteemed by his comrades and men—reentered the college and was graduated from it; studied theology in Chicago Seminary, and having said to Secretary Roy of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, "I want you to give me the hardest field west of the Mississippi," was sent to Cheyenne, Wyoming, at a time when as the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad it was but little more than a great construction camp. Vice of eevry kind flourished and the place was somewhat aptly nicknamed "Hell on Wheels." The new preacher was told by many that they weren't there to make homes but to make money; and when he talked of the Christian life, church membership, and the abiding things of an enduring civilization, again and again came the remark, "God hasn't crossed the Missouri river yet."

His biographer writes: "He interpreted the work of the pastorate in a large way, taking a keen interest in public affairs and in every municipal activity. Whether it was the caring for the sick apple woman at the Cheyenne station, a prayer with the dying cow-boy shot to death on the main street of the town, the introduction of a system of water works, the removal of the public cemetery to a better site, or the imporvement of the public schools, there was no movement for municipal betterment but aroused his enthusiasm and co-operation. He saw that Cheyenne's future depended upon an adequate water supply and began a campaign of education, using the press, his pulpit, and personal calls as means of keeping the matter before the attention of the town. The pastor did not stop with argument, but shouldered a shovel and worked with the citizens in the great ditch by which the waters of Crow Creek were finally turned into a natural basin above the town. His pertinent suggestions as to improving the public school system of Laramie county resulted in Gov. Campbell appointing him county superintendent of schools, a position which he held during his last year in Cheyenne."

It was a type of Christianity that the people of that frontier town appreciated; it was valued more than pulpit power, which the preacher had also, and he became a great moulding influence.

In a few years Cheyenne was overchurched and Mr. Davis chafed under the evils of sectarianism; the American Board was seeking a represenattive for Japan; the call pressed insistently on the pastor at Cheyenne and in 1871 he took a steamer from San Francisco for Japan and entered on an ever memorable work of thirty-nine years in that land. Dr. Davis was one of the first professors in the Doshisha, and sustained vital relation with it down to his last years. We get accordingly in this biography valuable information concerning the founding of that educational institution, its struggles, its reconstruction, and its wide influence. "Probably the most difficult work that he ever did was his fight for the Doshisha in the nineties. If he and Neesima were the co-founders, he alone was the savior of the school. No one else could have stood in that breach and won out. The moral courage displayed was greater than he showed in the civil war or anywhere else. His heart bled when he had to oppose old pupils whom he loved deeply. The wounds of that fight healed, but he bore to his grave the scars."

We see on the pages of this book that Dr. Davis was endowed with resourcefulness which enabled him to be an all-round missionary, and so to appeal to and influence the Japanese in manifold ways. When supervising the construction of mission buildings he was wont to get down into the trenches with the masons, show them how best to make the mortar, dry the timber, etc. Many engineering difficulties were solved by him, and the Japanese were instructed as to the American labor saving devices. Some of the best builders in the Kyoto district have attributed their start in foreign construction to Dr. Davis.

"Dr. Davis believed in the gospel of hard work. Here his life-long example made a vivid impression upon the Japanese."

"From the first he identified himself with Japan and with the Japanese. He met the final test of the missionary in his ability to thoroughly respect and deeply love the people. He frequently alluded to Japan as his adopted country, and his appreciation of the admirable qualities of the nation and his belief in her great destiny were very strong." One of the Japanese has said concerning him: "It seemed at times as if he loved the nation more than we did. It was the influence of that love and sacrifice that

caused me to devote my life to evangelistic work."

Once when President Chapin of Beloit was asked why the American churches did not send to Japan more men like Dr. Davis, his reply was: "Such men as Dr. Davis are not plentiful in the United States."

The Rev. Dr. D. Ebina, the eminent Japanese Christian on whom the Pacific School of Religion at the time of its fiftieth anniversary conferred the degree of doctor of divinity, has said that it was Dr. Davis to whom the students of the early Doshisha looked up—that he it was who attracted and led the promising young men of those early days.

For thirty-five years there in Kyoto his home was open to the students. They went to him as naturally as to a Japanese; they went as sons to a father, as boys to an elder brother, sure of sound advice, of sympathy, and of spiritual uplift.

But his personal ministries were not confined to the student class. He conducted for various periods Bible classes, and classes in English for groups of citizens, city officials, etc., and exerted thus a wide influence. We are told: "It was as natural for him to witness to his divine Lord wherever the vicissitudes of his work led him, as when men came to his study for help. Sometimes it was the jinricksha runner who toiled with him over steep mountain passes; again, the wood cutter carrying his blanket and charcoal on some winter excursion. The fellow passenger on boat or train or the farmer overtaken on the highway often heard from the kindly foreigner the story of a new hope and a new power in Christ."

All who read this biography will agree with the author in the declaration that it was no accident that Dr. Davis had that inheritance and training and experience which enabled him to be what he was to Japan in those formative years of the nineteenth century.

Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.50 net.

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COMING OF CHARLES R. BROWN TO OAKLAND IS OBSERVED IN FIRST CHURCH.

The year 1916 being the twentieth anniversary of the coming of the Rev. Dr. Charles R. Brown to Oakland, the Rev. Dr. Van Horn made his sermon last Sunday morning —on the occasion of the fifty-sixth anniversary of the First Church—a study of Dr. Brown's pastorate. The text was the one in Deuteronomy which Dr. Brown had for his first sermon, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mount." It was representative, said Dr. Van Horn, of the spirit of the man who had come to enter on the work; and it is a good text for any time—embodying as it does God's eternal program. Ever the call is, no matter how good and delightful the place, to move out and on. God is ever going on, and they who would be with him must not think to abide as Peter desired on the Mount of Transfiguration. First Church, Oakland, had had the pastorates of Drs. Mooar and McLean — but the summons was to move on to other duties and experiences—all the land, all the years were before them.

Dr. Van Horn spoke of Dr. Brown's Methodist training and Congregational experience before coming to Oakland as a fine combination and preparation for the work that awaited him here; and of the momentum from the past going into it in that the joint work of two such men as Drs. Mooar and McLean was handed down unimpaired.

In the growth and changes soon to come to Oakland it was shown that there was opening up a great field for service, and Dr. Brown proved to be the man needed to lead the church on in its unfolding years of usefulness.

Dr. Brown was referred to as a radical, but as a cautious one. With all his progressivism, he never failed to keep linked with the past; he discerned the things that were fundamental, held to them and built on them, and so built enduringly. Mention was made of the interest he had in industrial questions and of the boldness of his utterances thereon, and of the fine spirit in which his congregation listened to these somewhat new suggestions from the pulpit for more of brotherhood than had been theretofore manifested in the world of business and industry.

It was at this juncture that Dr. Van Horn took occasion to point out that people had moved out and on from the positions they held as to industrial questions twenty years ago; ideas thought to be wild then are accepted as commonplaces today, and still the word is, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mount."

In conclusion Dr. Van Horn reminded his congregation that it was just as impossible for them to go back to these past years of church life and experiences and live in them as it would be to go back to the Oakland of horse cars and other early day things. Nor could they expect to tabernacle where they now are; the call is to move out and on. "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mount."

THE REV. DR. HILLIS SEES SIGNS OF IMPENDING REVOLUTION.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis of Prymouth Church, Brooklyn, has been preaching a series of sermons on "What Is the Matter With the United States?" The one given Sunday evening Nov. 26 was on "Signs of Impending Revolution". We give it here in part:

One condition preceding revolutions in thought and life is the deep-seated belief, whether right or wrong, on the part of the multitudes that they have done their part in producing, only to find that their leaders are holding bacq the lion's share. Oftentimes the mob has been mistaken; oft demagogues have misled the multitudes, but the people are very patient, and are like the lamb led to the slaughter, and the sheep that stands dumb before its shearers, opening not its mouth. But a very small sliver can produce blood poisoning, and a tiny spark grow into a conflagration that destroys cities. Just now things are not well in this country. The occasional firm with war contracts, and the labor union men have never been so prosperous. For them wages are high and times are good. But for the vast multitudes outside of union ranks, and the common workingman, and the poor in the tenement regions, conditions are becoming desperate. What happened to the women in Paris, with one franc a day wage, and a franc and a half per day for rent, coal, bread and milk, has once more come about. The poor workingmen living along the river front, with an increase of 50 per cent on their rent, with sixty cents for a hundred pounds of coal, and flour at the rate of $10 a barrel, and eggs fifty cents a dozen, are not simply anxious—they are bitter and desperate. As winter comes on, their melancholy and their brooding are manifest in dull mutterings. Never have they worked harder, and never were hunger and cold, with the necessities of the body, more urgent. Meanwhile, they read in their papers that three-fourths of the second-rate apples and the poorer fruits and vegetables rotted in the orchards, with no man competent to conserve the food. They stand on the street corners and look at horses with golden buckles, and automobiles filled with bejeweled women. Out on the sidewalks of Fifth avenue, shivering in a chill wind, they gaze through the plate glass windows into

the dining room of the great hotel, where men and women carrying wraps of silk and fur are surrounded with wine glasses, and served by waiters that bring unending supplies of food. The man with his little wage looks on, out of the darkness, clenching his fist and cursing, silently. The papers tell the poor that a hundred munition millionaires have come up to New York, to flaunt their new treasure. The vaunting of insolent prosperity and insolent wealth is criminal in the face of the bewildered poor. The boy who waves a red flag before an infuriated bull, now and then, pays a heavy penalty when gored unto death. It is a time for simplicity, for quiet living, for generous service, for self-denial. Millions made through munitions had better be spent not in dazzling feasts and gorgeous spectacles, but in quiet gifts to the Red Cross hospitals abroad and the wretched poor at home. We are in a world where one careless step on the side of the Alpine mountains has brought down an avalanche, to crush whole villages.

When the Poor Lose Confidence.

A third condition preceding changes that revolutionize thought and life comes when the poor lose confidence in their leaders. Not only has the poor man a right to life, and a right to make the most possible out of himself through liberty, but he also has the right to brotherhood. The multitudes are fully conscious of their lesser endowments, and of the necessity of trusting to the leadership of strong men. Just so long as things are endurable, they go on, following the leader. They endure one disappointment after another, and for years are not embittered by betrayals. The patience of men is an amazing and beautiful quality. Our country is producing $1200 per American family. Out of this must come enough from all the families to give the hundred-power millionaires of the country, and all high-salaried men, their excess above the $1200 for their families. This brings the average workingman and farmer not over $600 a year per family. I take one typical family, a workingmen, toiling in a typical manufactory and living in one of our three-room tenements, and notice how they are planning for the approach of winter:

EXPENSES

Cost of living for one year	$713.40
Rent	240.00
Fuel	39.50
Groceries	208.50
Meat	86.90
Milk and eggs	11.00
Shoes	14.00
Clothing	60.00
Dry goods	17.50
Morning paper	6.00
Medicines and doctor	30.00
Total	$713.40

But this workingman is earning only $600 a year. His wife does all the work at home, and to make up the remaining $113, it is necessary that the oldest child of the three should leave school, make a false report as to his age, in order to obtain a position, while the second child sells newspapers, at a moment when scarcely beyond infancy. Now this family is typical of thousands living near at hand. In their desperation and anxiety to keep out of debt, the poor are seeking for leaders.

Questions the Poor Are Asking.

Why cannot the railways bring us food? Why should milkmen and producers, forcing prices upward, be charged with emptying out the milk on the ground to produce scarcity? What does it mean that the investigation by the National Government as to the food conditions of New York showed a vastage of over $65,000,000 in one department, in relation to commission men alone? Are the leaders in high places incompetent? Are they untrustworthy? Are the strong pillaging the weak? Never were there so many honest manufacturers. And yet the occasional investigations in connection with the pure food law have made it possible for demagogues to charge corruption upon all men. Meanwhile, if in England and France the noblest men serve the people, in our country there is an increasing revulsion from public life. More and more men of the type of Mr. Root are turning away from office. Think of the days when Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner were in the Senate! Think of the time and quality of intellect and character represented by Senator Stewart in Congress. Think of such men as Bright and Gladstone in England's House of Commons. Your jurist, statesman, big business man will not humiliate himself by submission to all the endless crawlings that are becoming necessary to conduct a successful political campaign from one ward meeting to another. And in this country, whenever a man achieves great wealth, and his wife and daughter are ambitious for social position, the easiest way t o buy it is to pay the expenses of the campaign. The result is inevitable—Government falls into the hands of non-experts. When the people lose confidence in the men who ought to be their leaders they turn to the demagogue, who guides them toward the precipice of economic folly and shame.

The Right to Self-Sacrifice.

But not only have the poor men a right to life, the right to make the most of themselves, with the right of brotherhood, but they also have the right to the help of men who represent self-sacrifice. In his book, "The Last Phase of Napoleon's Life," Lord Rosebery speaks of an event that occurred at St. Helena. One afternoon Napoleon and his servants were climbing over a steep hill, on a very narrow path. Seeing a peasant carrying a cruel load of faggots upon his heads, Napoleon's aid shouted to the peasant to get out of the way. But, remembering the poverty of his own childhood and the weight of the burden he himself had carried, Bonaparte answered, "Not so! Respect the burden!" In that hour Napoleon himself stood one side and gave the poor peasant the right of way. Our generation needs to remember the rights of weakness. Just because the child is helpless it has its rights. Just because the poor are ignorant and without skill in leadership, they have the right to your devotion and skill. Just because you are rich and powerful and have office, you owe a solemn debt to the multitudes without these gifts. Genius is a trust loaned by God. In these days, when the control is passing into the hands of the few, when the voice of the demagogue is heard in the land, when agitators are in the saloons and on the street corners, when curses are heard in the tenements mingled with sobs and despair, when the signs of the times are disturbing, and the air vibrates with hidden forces, it is for Christian men to carry an atmosphere of hope, to speak words of kindness and good cheer, to prove that their heart beats with sympathy for the helpless. Every man in these days ought to show himself a shepherd and a guide for the hopeless. Remember that despair is a disease, that pessimism is a sin against your generation, yourself and your God. Too often hopelessness means nervous weakness, and is a revelation of incompetency to the task. God and the institutions of your fathers are fully equal to the emergency of the approaching winter. But no institution and no tool take

care of themselves. Strong hands, wise intellects and great hearts are needed. Many selfish men there are, in high places, who are taking care of themselves and looking after their own interests, and let others do all the work. Oh, all ye young hearts! read more widely. Push back the horizons. Broaden your interests and enrich your sympathy. Take all men for your friends. Make golden these words of Christ. Be ashamed to die until you have conquered all the forces that make for anarchy and revolution, and won at least a signal victory for Christ's great words—humanity, brotherhood and love.

WHAT CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IS FOR.

An Address By The Reverend E. A. King, Pastor Of The Congregational Church Of San Jose.

The term "Christian Endeavor" grew out of an actual experience. In the Congregational Church called "Willis-ton" in Portland, Maine, there was a group of forty or more young Christians with no special Church work to do. The minister's wife, Mrs. Francis E. Clark, had been interested for some time in the spiritual welfare of these young people and finally brought her husband's attention to the need of some organization. As a result the young people actually organized a society and named it Young People's Society because it was made up of young people; Christian, because it was made up of Christians; Endeavor, because they were endeavoring to live the Christian life and do the work of Christians. When they put the whole name together they had this: Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor!

From the first the work of the society centered about a pledge which incorporated an act of the will. Each member declared "I promise to do." Here is a promise to act. The purely ascetic life was made impossible by this promise to work out the religious experience and this is one of the reasons why Christian Endeavor has remained through all these 35 years of its history a force for practical Christian accomplishment.

With this determination to DO something worth while was incorporated a conscious dependence upon Jesus Christ for strength to do His will in all these matters. Dr. Clark has said that in all the 35 years of the society's history it has been loyal to Christ.

The pledge itself has been a source of great strength to the millions of young people who have found the society a means of expression for their Christian lives. It is in reality a pledge of service for Christ and for His Church which means for His sake and for the good of men.

The Christian Endeavor society is not a haven of rest for the mutual admiration of its members, or even for their own spiritual growth exclusively, but it is an instrument with which and through which the devoted young life of the Church works for the uplift of the whole world. There is found the great evangelistic passion for the salvation of individual lives and also the idea of consecrated social service. Where one is sacrificed for the other there is no true Christian Endeavor. If there is any one thing that this great movement has stood for during its 35 years of existence it has been the sane, all-round, full-orbed Christian life. At its heart has been an honest, deep, devoted interest in every line of human activity.

Another factor that has kept the society alive has been its emphasis upon a few important Christian essentials, coupled with great liberality regarding the non-essentials. For example, the society has rung true to Christ, to the Bible, to prayer, to the Church, but it has never seriously interferred with the emphasis given by different denominations in their interpretations of these great facts and forces.

Christian Endeavor has always permitted great freedom in all of these individual matters. It has not sought to compel young people to believe in any one particular exposition of the Bible but has urged all the young people to be loyal to their own denominational leaders and to their own churches; but over and above this the society has encouraged a genuine fellowship among all Christians and it has done more than anyone will ever know to break down the walls of separation between denominations and to make young people forget that they are anything else than Christians. In all my 25 years experience in Endeavor work I have ever been conscious of genuine co-operative effort. Wherever this spirit is kept alive and where charity and service are combined there you find successful Christian Endeavor.

One of the first great contributions of Christian Endeavor to the Church of Christ has been that of trained leadership. It is the genius of our organization to give each member a task, something definite to do and to place responsibilities upon chosen individuals. This practice causes the young people to learn by doing. They find it necessary to keep engagements, fulfill promises, conduct meetings, and manage committees. So far as personal development goes they learn to prepare for public speech, learn to think and express themselves while standing in a public meeting; they learn how to organize working committees and get things done.

Christian Endeavor is a training school in personal development and expression and in service for others. It ever has before it as a goal the Church of Christ as the greater organization of which Christian Endeavor is but a part, and human society does not exist for itself alone. Its motto, "For Christ and the Church," means that we do our services as unto Him and as He lived and ministered so in His name we live and serve. When we say "For the Church" it should be no idle, theoretical platitude.

As a rule true Christian Endeavorers do try to be loyal to their Church by attending its services, singing in its choirs, serving as ushers or as decorators of pulpits with flowers, or as members of pastor's aid committees, or by attending its mid-week meetings, or by subscribing to its current expense and benevolence budgets, or in countless other ways. I have heard some ministers say that their Christian Endevorers were of little value to the Church. They never attend the Church prayer meeting, never support the Sunday evening service and all of that. But it has been my happy experience to have most loyal Endeavorers in the Churches of which I have been the minister. There is not time here to catalogue their many helpful activities. I should be inclined to say that young people who make solemn pledges in the name of Christ to do thus and so and never fulfill these pledges are not worthy to be counted members of any Christian Endeavor society. The very heart of all Endeavor work is loyalty to our promises and obligation.

There are some deeper phases to Christian Endeavor and one of them clusters about what is appropriately called "The Quiet Hour." This daily turning of the mind toward God and the soul is a wonderful source of strength. Many a man and woman now grown older began the habit of daily devotion through the influence of this Quiet Hour. Bible reading and Bible study are the best ways into the great values of human life.

It is not the purpose of this paper to deal with methods but I do feel like saying that this "Quiet Hour" should be a time when one actually seeks to know what God's will is rather than for the purpose of studying the Bible to prove a doctrine or to defend a course of action. There should be other times and occasions for the deeper historical study of

the Bible, but the "Quiet Hour" should be kept for more deeply mystical fellowship with God.

Christian Endeavor is calculated to cultivate personal Christian experience. Its program of life encourages Bible study, personal prayer, verbal expression or testimony and keeps this religious life fresh and interesting by coupling it with practical work with the hands and feet. That is, through its committees this spiritual enthusiasm works itself out through physical endeavor in behalf of others.

Christian Endeavor has failed, wherever it has failed, because its whole scope of work degenerated into a merely religious service where nothing but talk and testimony was valued high. Simply to hold weekly religious meetings, however bright and sparkling they may be, will not carry out the program of the founders of the movement. The first society of young people 35 years ago were earnest Christians and they had reasonably good prayer meetings in the Church. What they needed most was something to DO for Christ in the Church and community. Christian Endeavor is the answer to this desire and the genius of our society lies in its committee activity.

Through committee activity a sense of responsibility is developed. Young people who have never known the meaning of moral obligation and personal responsibility have learned these important things through committee work. Through such committees as the prayer meeting committee, the missionary committee, the social committee, the good citizenship committee, the flower committee, the tenth legion committee, the good literature committee, the pastor's aid committee and many others the earnest young Christian learns how to accomplish things, how to construct a program and carry it through and when he grows older and graduates into the membership and active work of the Church proper he knows how to manage things. It is simply wonderful to watch the Christian Endeavorer trained Church member organize a committee and put across a program of business!

It is also true that young men and women, trained in a worth while Endeavor society understand and comprehend what the Church itself is for much better than those who have never been trained. Trained Endeavorers make good deacons, trustees, ushers, committee men and informed, generous givers to the current expenses and the benevolences of the Church. Those who have learned to give one-tenth of their incomes in early youth will likely carry out the custom when they grow older and such givers help to make the churches succeed.

Such training as Christian Endeavor can give to young people in the way of spiritual experience warms the Church life and encourages the whole enterprise. Men and women trained in devotion and service cannot be satisfied with just absorbing the gospel but must find an outlet in the better lines of Church work. Many of our best Churches of today and many of our best ministers and missionaries are Christian Endeavor trained.

Another thing about Christian Endeavor is that it is self-propagating or may become so. In reality this society as an organization is an efficient instrument calculated to mee the needs of growing young people who may begin with the Junior society, graduate into the Senior and finally into the Veterans' organization. The last named ought to be made up of those who have been through the "school" of Endeavor and have found places in the active service of the Church proper.

We are all growing older gradually and we grow out of Christian Endeavor. The society is organized to harness the devoted enthusiasm of youth but when one generation has passed through and out of its bounds others, younger and fresher, should be coming in. For this reason every young people's society should foster both Junior and Intermediate societies. If this is not done Christian Endeavor will wear out and pass away. But every society has it in its power to devote sufficient attention to the young life in its own Church to enlist and train its successors and if it does there need be no slump in society circles when the present "crop" of well trained Endeavorers go away to college or leave home for business in other places!

The Spirit of Christian Endeavor has developed a deep, loyal sense of interdenominationalism and internationalism that in time is bound to overcome sectarianism and the spirit of narrow nationalism. What Christian Endeavor has done during the past 35 years it can certainly repeat during the next generation and what it has already contributed to the training of Church workers in the past it can continue to contribute to the leaders and workers in the Church of tomorrow.

Christian Endeavor in the past has been what it has been because of its great leaders. The names of Francis E. Clark, Amos R. Wells, William Shaw and John Willis Baer are associated in my mind with the history and development of the great Endeavor cause. They are not as young and vigorous as they once were. Just now they are all of them unfortunately and strangely physically impaired, but not one whit less interested in the great organization.

Our younger leader whom we love to call Dan Poling is Ohio's gift to the Christian Eendeavor cause, but we must remember that continued success along all lines of full orbed Endeavor demands strong and efficient leadership in local societies. I do not fancy that kind of leadership that devotes itself to its own society exclusively or its own county alone or its state alone. The true test of any movement is its results along the lines of the endeavor it is organized to promote. If our present day leaders are not faithful workers in their own Churches then they have missed the purport of Christian Endeavor. We are to realize the value and efficiency of the society through its specific contribution to the local Church and thence to the county, state and nation. The influence should flow from within outward.

The future of the movement at home and abroad depends upon well trained leadership and it should be our purpose to do whatever we can to assist in the training of our leaders. Loyalty to Christ and to His Church, deep, true Christian experience, broadly developed interests and sympathies and actual participation in carrying out the modern program of social service will produce such leaders as the Church needs today and tomorrow.

THE WAR WILL HASTEN A CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Among the things the European war may bring is a Channel Tunnel. Doubtless it would have come some day, but in common with many other things its coming is likely to be hastened by the war. There was a time in the not distant past when England would not have given any consideration to such a project. It would have meant in the minds of the people generally a great menace to the island kingdom.

Mr. Sembat, the French Minister of Public Works, is quoted as to the proposed tunnel:

"On the Fench side we have nothing to do but to await the decision of our British friends. So far as we ourselves are concerned we are ready and determined to set to work as soon as the signal to commence this great enterprise is given.

"It is needless, at this time of day, to offer proofs of the great advantages our two nations would draw from a tunnel under the Channel. There was some sort of ground

for this discussion before the war, but such arguments are now superfluous, for events have spoken convincingly on the subject. If we had had a Channel tunnel, a large part of the operations of German submarines would have been rendered impossible.

"There is no need, therefore to recall the general evidence for the project. But I may indicate by way of illustration, a new element that may interest our friends in England. Some weeks ago two members of the Italian Ministry, Signor Arlotta and Signor di Nava, came to Paris, and among other questions they discussed with my friend M. Clementel, Minister of Commerce and with me that of the establishment of a transcontinental trunk line—the so-called line of the 45th parallel—which, starting on the one side from Bordeaux, and on the other from Calais, would pass through Lyons, by Modena, across Northern Italy, and through Trieste and Belgrade to Constantinople and Odessa.

"For such a project it would be an evident advantage not to have to disembark or transship between England and France. I will limit myself to this single illustration.

"Some day the Channel tunnel will be built, and we shall look back with curiosity upon the long discussions which, before the war, delayed the accomplishment of this great international work."

M. Franklin Bouillon, who, as Vice-President of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber, Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee for Foreign Action, and Chairman of the Radical party, is peculiarly competent to express the mind of his countrymen is quoted as saying:

"Of course, I agree with the project, but we Frenchmen have always refrained from pressing our view for fear of embarrassing our British friends or seeming to interfere in their business. Even now, when the situation seems more favorable, I would rather have waited till Mr. Asquith has spoken. But, after all, there can be no harm in saying, what is the fact, that there is absolute unanimity in this country in favor of the tunnel."

A REVERIE.

(In view of Sonoma County hills and valleys as seen on way from Healdsburg to Kenwood during meeting of California State Grange.)

Ye towering hills that guard the plains
Where countless hosts abide,
Sky-kissing peaks where gods might dwell,
And satyrs furtive hide;
Ye laughing, shadowy, fruitful vales,
Where willing hands may find
The fruitful earth, the verdant fields
That feed our human kind.
Who gave your giant frame and thews
Their might-resistant strength,
Or filled with quick, abounding life
Each valley's fertile length?
From out your rocky heart men draw
The founts that nurse the soil,
That earth may give her glad response
To those who plan and toil;
But God it is the rain must send,
With light and warmth of sun,
And thus the miracle complete,
So well by men begun.
With thought and skill and wise resource
Man schemes and tills and plows,
But Heaven alone the increase gives
And harvest's wealth allows.
Then e'en the deserts burst to bloom,
In wastes the flowers spring,
And from the very mountain sides,
Men fruits of labor wring.
On yonder hill the crimson vines
Yield up their luscious stores,
And on the plains the vast expanse
For man its fruitage pours.
What hand could shape that sunlit crest;
That vineyard's glorious hue;
Or dares to vaunt its skill to paint
That sky's unfathomed blue?
And who, forsooth, has power to tell
The myriad things he sees,
The chattering, play-time joy and mirth
Of black-birds in the trees;
The blinding radiance of the day,
The silent charm of dark,
The wonder of that eagle's flight,
The love song of the lark?
Or yonder redwood's stately height,
That oak's majestic spell,
Nor less, the blue gum's quaint appeal,
Weird, lonely sentinel!
Frail language halts, the spirit shrinks!
Who seeks the futile role!
For none can sing, as none may paint,
The beauty of the whole.
Abashed, deep-awed, and all amaze
At task too vast for man,
We pray the gift to clearer sense
The Great Creative Plan.

ROBERT G. HARBUTT,
Master Santa Rosa Grange No. 17.

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NEW BOOKS.

Girlhood and Character. Mary E. Moxcey. Nothing, perhaps, will better commend this excellent book than a few words from an introductory note by Professor George A. Coe of Union Theological Seminary: "For some years a need has been felt for an analysis of the problems of adolescent girlhood from the combined standpoint of physiology, psychology, and the growth of character through education both formal and informal. Miss Moxcey demonstrates the possession of ample knowledge in all these fields. In addition she brings to her task extraordinary experience with girls, and likewise critical understanding of the principles and processes of religious education. The result is a book that is at once scientific, insightful, and practically helpful. I trust that it will have the wide reading that it deserves—the reading that is needed by parents and teachers in the interest of happy, wholesome young womanhood." **The Abingdon Press, New York; $1.50 net.**

A Fire In The Snow. By Charles E. Jefferson, D.D. In this pleasing Christmas booklet, Dr. Jefferson likens the spirit of Christmas to a fire built by schoolboys in the snow. Where before was all frozen whiteness, the magic blaze had cast a spell over Nature herself; it had transcended her laws. "To compel the Lord of heat and the Lord of cold to sit down together—this is an audacious and romantic thing to do. . . . To cause the fire fairies to dance on a floor covered with snow crystals, to toss flowers of flame upon the bleak and biting air, to extend the scepter of the fire-king over the province of frost, to create a

glowing oasis of summer in the vast and freezing desert of winter—this is a mighty work which only a creature fashioned in the image of the Eternal is able to perform." "What is Christmas but a fire burning in the snow?" he continues. December is a month which has become a synonym for all that is cold and bleak. It is the heart of winter. But in its midst comes the holiday season, and instantly it seems as though Nature herself took on a new warmth and brightness. We find time to gather round in comradery—to greet our friends—to forget our business cares. We have transformed the chill of the outdoors into a summer of the heart. It is a pleasant parallel which the author draws, and he brings it out with the apt, terse expression for which he has long been famous. He draws not only the comparison of the coldness of the commercial world, but also the desolation of Europe plunged in conflict, when contrasted with the spirit of Christmas.—**Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 50 cents net.**

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Cardinal O'Connel has forbidden Catholics, especially young people, to attend the Billy Sunday meetings in Boston. Many are disobeying the order.

The Rev. Dr. Ostrom had recently a successful series of evangelistic meetings at Pocatello, Idaho, where 40 percent of the population is Mormon, 25 Catholic, and 10 percent Greek, Italians, Japanese and Chinese.

The Pacific Baptist had an article last week by Charles E. Griffin of Bakersfield on "Immersion the Only New Testament Baptism." This was "number five" in a series on "Why I Am a Baptist." We hope the time is not far distant when it will not be regarded as necessary to write on such topics as, "Why I Am a Baptist," Why I am A Methodist," Why I Am a Presbyterian," or a Congregationalist or an Episcopalian, or on anything allied to these; but simply "Why I Am a Christian."

Among the things some of the French newspapers profess to believe that the war will sweep away is what is sometimes called the greatest of all French tyrants—"la famille." "Some philosophers base their opinion upon the argument that a youth of ninteen who had fought and bled for his country in the greatest of all wars cannot be expected to submit to parental leading-strings when he returns or to put up with the irritating musts and must nots of the family council. And they affirm that it is good for the nation that its rising manhood should at last have conquered the right to think and especially to act for itself. Incorrigible old out-of-dates shake their heads, it is true, but there is no mistrust about the young bloods; they at least have made up their minds as to what they want and do not want, and who shall deny that they have won the right to have a mind of their own?"

The Ohio State Journal and the Columbus Dispatch, the leading daily papers published in Ohio's capital city, have announced that they will carry no liquor advertisement after the first of January. The State Journal says: "We take this action in response to the wishes of a great majority of our readers; in accord with the true spirit of the times and in harmony with the best journalism of the day, which aspires to stand for the real progress of society and the moral elevation of the people. In taking this stand we ask the confidence and support of our great army of subscribers to the end that we may better serve the public in the high stand we have taken. We intend that the State Journal shall be the friend of the common good, and our exclusion of the liquor advertisement is a step in that direction. We are for a clean, sober, upright and forward-looking community, and the road we have taken will surely lead there." The Dispatch stated: "It is the object of this big home newspaper to publish no news or paid matter that will be offensive, on moral grounds, to any member of the countless families into which the Dispatch is constantly received." A news item from Columbus reads: "Heretofore these two newspapers have sought to maintain a middle-of-the-road position on the liquor traffic. Wet and dry news has been published impartially. Scarcely any editorials in either paper have mentioned the subject in any way, and such editorials as have been printed have dealt with drinking, and not the liquor traiffic." Managers of these papers interpret the signs of the times, and have joined the procession. The Ohio State Journal is an old and influential paper, having been established in 1811.

Church people evidently are coming more and more to vote for that which they think to be righteous and to support for office, without regard to party, men of integrity and who are ready to avow themselves on great questions at issue. For example, a Spokane, Washington, correspondent writes: "One of the most gratifying results of the recent election was the way this State registered her will on the subject of the present temperance dry law. There were two proposed amendments, drawn with subtle ingenuity, and upon their faces appearing to be temperance measures, yet calculated to utterly vitiate the efficiency of the law. They went down to a defeat that was worse than a rout. They received less than one-fourth of the suffrages of the voters. It is scarcely probable that the liquor interests will challenge a renwal of the conflict in less than a decade. Governor Lister was re-elected by a very pronounced majority, though he is a Democrat, and the Republicans normally poll four votes to the Democrats' one. But in this case it was simply the reward of a conscientious administration of the governorship in the interests of law enforcement. It was not a contest in any sense between the Republicans and Democrats, but just the silent tribute of conscientious voters to their convictions. His opponent may have been as good a man as the Governor, but the voters knew that Mr. Lister was true to his belief that the dry law should be enforced and did not know surely how the other man stood. It is perfectly clear that no man in this State can be elected to a State office who is not satisfactory to the temperance people of the State. The churches have done more than any other factor to bring about and crystalize this sentiment, of which we in the State feel very proud."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The first Sunday in December twenty-two new members were received into the First Church of Pasadena, seven on confession.

Thirty-one persons were received to membership in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles the first Sunday in December.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer will speak next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco concerning "Intolerance," the great film play.

Next Sunday Mr. Herbert Booth, son of the late General Booth of the Salvation Army, will begin a series of evangelistic services in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

Next Sunday evening the Rev. A. W. Palmer will present a study of "Intolerance", the great film play. He will answer these questions: What is "Intolerance"? A Clever Stunt? An Historical Pageant? A Sermon? A Melodrama? A Slander? A Lie?

The Rev. George H. Dekay has been appointed to the joint work of the Home Missionary and Sunday-school societies in Northern California. Learning that this work would necessitate considerable traveling the Army and Navy Christian Association Secretaries have presented him a suitcase and a traveling bag as a token of appreciation of the fine service rendered by him in conducting religious meetings from time to time for several years at the naval training school.

The Rev. Samuel C. Patterson has presented his resignation as pastor of the North Congregational Church, Berkeley, desiring that it take effect the last of this month. Mr. Patterson has been with the North Church for seven years and has made a most excellent record there, as elsewhere in his pastorates in California dating back to 1897 when he entered the work at Lodi soon after his graduation from Pacific Theological Seminary. An able preacher and a good pastor. The Pacific would take pleasure in recommending him most heartily to any of our churches in need of a pastor; but the probabilities are that he will enter the International Y. M. C. A. work on the war front, correspondence to that end being conducted at the present time. For such work he is admirably fitted—his experiences before entering the ministry adding greatly to the qualification acquired therein.

The marriage of Dr. Bade of the Pacific School of Religion and Miss Elizabeth Marston of San Diego will take place about the middle of January. Last Sunday Dr. Bade concluded a very successful series of lectures in the First Congregational Church of Winchester, Mass., which were attended by many hundreds. On the 17th of November he spoke on "Bird Life and Mountaineering in the High Sierra" before the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, to an audience of about 800. On the 16th in New York, in his annual address before the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Theodore Roosevelt characterized his book as "one of the three foremost books in recent American literature, and far and away the best on the Old Testament that has appeared in recent years." He expects to start for the coast on the 14th, stopping in Chicago to lecture before the Prairie Club, on the 16th. On the 12th he lectured at Wellesley College.

FIRST CHURCH, BERKELEY.

The First Congregational Church of Berkeley had its annual dinner on Wednesday evening of last week—following the annual business meeting in November. Reports presented at the November meeting were distributed in printed form; and addresses were made relative to the every-member canvass which was scheduled for the following Sunday.

The church has had a prosperous year, having added considerably to its membership and to its material equipment.

There were 134 additions to the membership during the year, and the total membership on the 8th of November was 761, a net gain of 100.

The purchase of the property on the corner of Dana and Channing Way gives the church a fine site for future building purposes, extending along Dana street from Channing to Durant. The commodious building on the corner recently purchased is used as a "parish house". But such has been the growth of the church that yet more room is demanded, and the question of a new church building or a separate building adequate for the young people and for social purposes will have to be considered ere long.

Mr. Fred Morrison, a student in Pacific Theological Seminary, is Educational Secretary, and Mr. J. Scudder has charge of the boys' department.

Mr. Harry Kingman, who has come to work among the University students, is proving a valuable addition to the working forces.

In the person of Mrs. P. T. Riley, the pastor has a most efficient and valuable helper in the work of visitation.

Dr. Brooks' pulpit messages are inspiring and his service in its entirety such as to endear him to all.

Steadily the church is building itself more widely into the city in which it is situated and its influence is going out more and more into the life of the Pacific Coast, our country and the world.

Such a church occupies a unique field, and it is encouraging to see it planning and striving to respond in some proper measure to the demands therein.

This year the budget for current expenses was increased to the amount of $1000, the total being $9,500 and $3,500 for benevolences. Such was the response during the every member canvass last Sunday that it is evident that these amounts will be met.

FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS IN KERN ASSOCIATION.

In the Kern Association the Fellowship meetings, during the week that such meetings were held throughout the Southern California Conference, were a gratifying success. The pastors in Kern Association were assisted by Dr. Brown of the American Board, Dr. Wikoff of the Building Society and by General Missionary Smith, representing the Sunday School Society and the Southern California Conference. The chairmen of the different teams will doubtless send for publication detailed accounts of the Fellowship meetings under their supervision. The writer only knows about the one at Maricopa, in the Westside Oil Fields.

Their new pastor, Rev. I. McCrae and his wife, had arrived but a few days before. Their goods were still on the way. In the afternoon, the services were in charge of the Missionary Society of the Church. About forty enthusiastic ladies were present. They have a Missionary text book and meet once in two weeks for the study of missions. General Missionary Smith told the society some of his experiences as a Home Missionary. The ladies secured five new members for their society. Dr. Wikoff arrived too late to speak at the afternoon session. But in the evening he was the principal speaker and for forty-five minutes, entertained, instructed and inspired his audience. The last part of his address being an earnest spiritual appeal, for consecration and service and giving. The congregation was deeply impressed.

MEXICAN MISSIONS IN BAKERSFIELD.

The Southern California Conference will re-establish the Mexican Mission in Bakersfield, beginning January first. For various reasons, the work has been suspended for a year or more.

A few weeks ago at a social meeting in the First Con-

gregational Church of Los Angeles of the Ladies' Mission Aid Society of the Conference and the Board of Directors of the Conference, Dr. Kenngott, Conference Superintendent, explained the problem of Mexican missions in Bakersfield, and asked what should be done about it. The question was answered by the prompt personal subscriptions amounting to $600. The Conference will doubtless appropriate $300 more and the Board of Directors requested General Missionary Smith to try to raise from three hundred to five hundred dollars in Bakersfield.

The Ministerial Union of Bakersfield unanimously voted their moral support of Mexican Missionary work in their city under Congregational supervision. As a help to get the interests of Mexican missions before the people of Bakersfield, Rev. Falcon was invited to speak in the churches of Bakersfield. Mr. Falcon is a native Mexican missionary. He is pastor of the Bethlehem Mexican Church in Los Angeles. In the Bethlehem Church, the Presbyterians and Congregationalists are working in mission. The Congregationalists furnish the building for church services and missionary work, and the Presbyterians furnish a pastor. Mr. Falcon is a remarkable character. He is above the average in intelligence, in common sense, in spirituality, in faith, in honor and in achievement. His church is rapidly growing. He has had twenty conversions among his people in two weeks. His visit to Bakersfield inspired an increased interest in the people of his nationality. He spoke on Sunday, Nov. 26 to the Sunday School of the M. E. Church at East Bakersfield and at the regular morning services of the M. E. and Congregational Churches of Bakersfield. In the evening he addressed the Congregations in the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches. His messages were well received everywhere.

The week following General Missionary Smith solicited pledges for the local Mexican Missionary work from from among the citizens of Bakersfield, with such success, that the re-establishment of the work is assured, and on January first, Rev. Case, formally a missionary under the American Board in Old Mexico, who had to leave his work there on account of the Mexican war, and who has been teaching Spanish in Pomona College, will take charge of the work in Bakersfield.

PARK CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

Sunday evening meetings of especial interest have been following a course of "know your city" programs. The pastor, Rev. Chester Ferris, gives a brief sermon. Then prominent people of the city give addresses on matters in which they are expert. Such speakers take part as Prof. R. D. Hunt of U. S. C. on "The Church and the City," Mr. Jesse Burke of the Efficiency Department, Mr. Gordon Whitnall of the City Planning Commission, Hon. George Dunlap on "The Size of the City," Prof. George Damon of Throop on "City Prospects," etc. In these days of direct legislation especially, the people welcome such leadership in municipal matters.

SAN MATEO.

The Fellowship meetings did the church much good. An orchestra of ten pieces has been organized in the Sunday school. The Sunday School offering to the Armenian relief was $35. The Ladies' Missionary Society contributed to the W. H. M. U. through Mrs. Barbour, $11.50. The Ladies' Aid Bazaar held Dec. 5th realized $130.

If a man does not know to what port he is steering, no wind is favorable to him.

MY CREED.

I stood in the Temple bewildered,
My soul was in anguish and fear;
For years I had longed and endeavored
To harmonize all I could hear.

The creeds of the church were all numbered,
Its dogmas were final and few;
The man who stood in the pulpit
Had thought for the man in the pew.

To question these creeds was transgression,
A sin that must needs be forgiven;
For orthodox dogmas and teachings
Had paved the white way into heaven.

While thus in my fear and confusion
A voice seemed to speak from above,
That banished my soul's wild commotion,
Its message was this, "God is love."

It came as a grand revelation,
And drove all my fears far away;
For God is my Father who loves me
And turns all my night into day.

So now I have crossed the wild desert,
The desert of doubt and of fear,
And dwell on the mountain of vision,
And see what I never could hear.

For God is much larger than dogma,
And kinder than statement of creed;
For out of His heart comes abounding
A love that eclipses all need.

—E MORGAN ISAAC,
Pastor of Congregational Church, Guerneville, Cal.

A COWBOY'S VERSION.

When I'm riding alone in the night-time, way out on the desolate range,
With the moon shinin' down through the cloud-hills and the canyons and draws lookin' strange,
And the shadowy buttes loomin' dimly, way out where the coyotes call,
I know that the hand of no human conceived it and fashioned it all.

When I'm lopin' across the wide mesa, where blossoms send out their perfume.
I know that an all-wise Creator had somthin' to do with each bloom;
'Cuz no mortal hand on this planet could paint us them colors, I know,
Nor spangle the coulees and foothills with all the gay posies that grow.
I know that the green of the ranges don't come at the bidin' of man;
The landscape makes all of them changes because of the Creator's plan.
I know that the beauties about me—the sunshine, the blooms and the rest,
Wa'n't put there by man nor his helpers, but at the good Lord's own behest.

And nights when I lie at the campfire and look at the stars

in the sky,
I'm ready to own that no human made all of them planets on high;
But only the Boss of the Heavens reached down from the Home Ranch above,
And moulded and builded and fashioned the blossoms and ranges I love.

—E. A. Brinistool.

The Home.

SAFEGUARDING THEIR MATRIMONIAL INVESTMENT.

"And they were married and lived happily ever after." So, to our intense satisfaction, our favorite fairy tales of childhood always ended. And so the young men and maidens who are on the threshold of marriage always want their fairy tale happiness to run on and on, as the years fly past.

All entrants into the door of matrimony want to live happily ever after, and they want to be assured that it can be done, even when husband and wife bring to the new home thoughts widely separated on many subjects, ideas of home life gleaned from two separate and distinct homes, and all the other differences of opinion and of living that must be blended into a perfect whole to insure perfect happiness.

Better Than Maintaining Rights.

Somebody has said that when a man and his wife, after many years of married life, boast that they have never had the slightest difference of opinion in all their life together, one must be mud and the other dough; but even a mud and dough existence may be far better than the one where each is forever and ever "sticking up for his rights." The concessions gained by giving in gracefully are far more valuable, half the time, than the privileges held to through thick and thin.

Perhaps the bride comes from a home of wealth, where every wish has been gratified, to become mistress of the house provided by a struggling young man whose greatest assets are health, youth, energy, ambition and courage. Manifestly a high minded young fellow can not allow his father in law to support his family for him, so the bride must learn to economize and fit her thoughts and ambitions to the safe sum her husband can give her to manage the housekeeping.

One of the happiest young women in a small city went cheerfully from a home of luxury to a tiny cottage and there did her own work while waiting for her husband to climb the ladder of fame and fortune. At night she held a brightly polished lantern for him to spade the little garden, and next day she raked the ground and put in the seeds. To this day they are still planning, in the midst of the complex cares of a busy and successful life, to leave their big house some day and live in that little old house that once was home to them. They say frankly that then they were in the infancy of their happiness, but they always think they would like to have a little vacation in the tiny house to live over those happy days.

In religion also many concessions must be made to insure wedded happiness. People are always suspicious—justly so—when the husband goes to one church and the wife clings to another. As in matters of finance the husband is the head of the family, so in religion it is well to honor his choice of a place of worship. It gives dignity and tone to the new establishment to have the young man in his rightful place as head of the household. Perhaps the young wife will feel lonely in a strange congregation for a short time, but that feeling will soon pass and she will enter upon the activties heartily, because love helps her to make her husband's interests her own.

He "Ruined" Her First Bread.

Of course the young man, for his part, will be eager to allow his wife to work out her domestic problems without interference. An old gentleman who tells his grandchildren laughingly about the first bread his wife made in their new home always adds, "But I didn't laugh then. I persuaded her to go out for a walk to work off the disappointment of failure, and quite by accident I left the window open so the rain that came up could ruin the heavy loaves that were ruined before they got wet."

Wise In Silence.

Though he had had a hard day in the field and was voraciously hungry, he knew that his wife was as disappointed as he and he refrained from saying even one disparaging word. Oh those words, words, words! Be careful, young husbands and wives, to keep back words that attempt to rise in moments of impatience and disappointment. Wisely did Will Carleton say:

"Thoughts unexpressed will sometimes fall back dead.
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

A happy married life is the biggest investment in this big round world, but like all other successful investments, it requires thought and attention and sacrifice to bring the best rate of interest. Did you ever notice, when a shrewd business man puts his money into an investment which he considers safe, how he talks it up and works for it and safeguards its interests? That is what the new husband and wife now must do.

The young couple have invested their whole capital in a united life, and as equal partners they must work with might and main to get the highest rate of interest from it. Each must consider constantly how much of health and common sense and energy and sacrifice can be put into the new venture in order to make it eminently successful.

Simply a Matter of Copartnership.

"Equal partners"—those two words are at the bottom of every successful matrimonial investment. Of course there have been men who have "succeeded," though handicapped by petty, peevish, unreasonable wives, but nobody knows to what heights they might have risen if they had not been compelled to pull the whole domestic load.

Perhaps the bride has been waited upon hand and foot in her girlhood home; then the young husband lovingly and carefully must educate her to a normal attitude toward her new partnership. It may be that the young husband was an only son, whose doting mother and sisters spoiled him, without a thought of his future. In that case the wife gently and firmly must reform his household ways. There will be a hundred and one little differences of opinion to be adjusted, and little problems to be worked out—from amusements to the ways foods are to be cooked; and only love can make the adjustment and the solution enjoyable and helpful.

Nobody except the happily married can enter into the joy and perfect satisfaction possible in a genuine matrimonial patnership. Its blessings are found where husband and wife have entered into the new relation "reverently and in the fear of God," having brought to the new home all their wealth of youth and energy and determination for success. Poured all together into the common treasury of home, those riches increase and multiply and for all time gladden the new family and the entire community.

No thought of the divorce court enters such a home. It may be a tiny cottage or a fine mansion; that consideration has little to do with wedded happiness, after all. And as the years fly by and joys and sorrows come, as they must come to every family, husband and wife, walking hand in hand through sunshine and shadow, realize that their original investment has doubled and trebled and quadrupled beyond wildest flights of imagination. They know that love is indeed the greatest thing in the world, for love is enduring.—Hilda Richmond in The Continent.

HAVE WOMEN TOO MUCH SENTIMENT?

When the two old people at Fern Hill died, Mrs. Hall and her daughter Helen had to go and "break up" the home. "Uncle Samuel" and his wife had lived at Fern Hill during the whole of their long married life of over sixty years. Their children had all died, excepting one daughter, who had married a rich Italian count (a contrast to the usual sort!) Mrs. Hall had been a favorite niece. It devolved upon her to go through all of the rooms and closets and trunks in the great old house and dispose of their contents. For a solid week Mrs. Hall and Helen, who was a girl of twenty, toiled through those endless accumulations. Two maids and a faithful serving-man were constantly at their call, and yet both of these ladies, though they considered themselves vigorous, were exhausted before the work was accomplished.

Of course there were heaps of old clothes of all sorts. "Aunt Roxanna" had dressed well and she had hated to rip or give away her "last season's" wraps and gowns. There were rolls and rolls of "pieces." There were dozens of old fans most of them broken; old parasols, mats, and tidies, and all sorts of nondescript fancy-work which had come in as holiday gifts. But the thing which most impressed Helen was the quantity of old letters. There were all the love-letters which the old couple had ever written to each other; all of the notes and letters which they had ever received from their four children, every one of whom had lived to maturity; and very many others, most of them, as was plainly to be seen, of the most transient and superficial interest. The mother and daughter felt that these should be at once destroyed and by their own hands. It was horrible to think of them as falling under the eyes of unsympathetic strangers. Helen fed them out by the hour to the open fire in the dining-room, and yet they came.

It was harder still to burn up the little boxes and packages marked with such legends as these: "First curl cut from Carrie's head when she was two" (poor "Carrie" had been many years in her grave); "Bouquet the children gave me on my birthday, 1864" (now a mass of ashy powder in its discolored box); "Stone from the mountain we climbed in Switzerland, July 7th, 1857"—and so on. As the countess, long weaned from her family and native land, had sent instructions (in the peculiar English which those use who reside for many years in foreign parts) to "all destroy which not needed was likely," as she well knew" mamma was never for the right throwing away," all of this rubbish—everything which had no intrinsic value—was burned. Some of the clothing was barreled up and sent to the poor heathen. The best was distributed among friends and relatives. The grand old furniture was at last parceled out among these also. What nobody wanted went to the autction-room. The very finest of the china and silver and linen went to the countess, who had a large family of small children, and, in spite of all her wealth and greatness, could not manage to cross the ocean at just this time.

"I am not so very old, mother," laughed Helen, as they sped homeward at last, "but I have learned thoroughly one lesson at Fern Hill. I am never going to keep anything longer than one year at most—I mean letters or perishable mementoes, merely for sentiment. And I am going to rip up or give away or throw away every wrap and gown and ribbon and fichu and bonnet that I ever have, just as soon as I am done with it."

"Don't be too sweeping," counseled her mother. "It isn't necessary to go to the other extreme, just because Aunt Roxanna was too saving and too sentimental."

"But I have had another example of the same sort of thing, which first started me to thinking on this subject. When I visited Anne Spicer in C—— she had a whole bureau full of keepsakes of various sorts. Just then it happened to be full, and she positively had to clear it out, though she said she hadn't had time to attend to it for two or three years, and of course she wouldn't let anybody else touch it. She had mixed up all sorts of things in it. She hadn't the finest feelings, and after that visit I never wanted to see her again."

"I was glad when I found that you didn't care for her any more," commeneed her mother, who had long wished for a chance to express herself regarding Anne Spicer.

"Yes; she visited me and I visited her, and we grew to know each other as well as we cared to. But I wish you could have seen that bureau-drawer, and I wish you could have heard Anne sentimentalize over the faded flowers and ribbons and soiled dance-cards and favors! And right in among all this worthless stuff was a cluster of dried-up rosebuds without any mark on them, and Anne stared at them for a minute, and then she said: 'Oh, yes—yes—I remember. Those were from the bunch in my little sister's hand when she lay in her coffin.' She must have seen that I was shocked—for I know I turned white—and then she said: 'I'm sure I don't know how they came here'; but I saw, then, the folly of trying to keep too many things in this busy life, and now I have seen it a great deal more."

"And yet that young professor of history was bewailing that more people had not kept their letters in the olden times." her mother reminded her. "He said that some of the most valuable testimony to the facts of history had come from old personal, private letters. His wife says that he keeps every scrap of correspondence that comes to him. He has already several trunks and boxes full, and she is in despair. The worst of it is that he uses no discrimination, but stuffs in an invitation to an unimportant luncheon beside a valuable letter from some public man. When she remonstrates, he says: 'My dear, that invitation to luncheon, which now seems so worthless, may some day be produced to prove that a certain man was in a certain place on a certain day, or that a particular style of wording invitations was in vogue at just this time.' 'But, she reasons, 'nobody will ever have time to go through that pile of letters and sort them out.' He insists that 'the historian and antiquarian will,' so she will have to suffer on, though I agree with her and you that nearly everything of the sort should be destroyed."

"Yes," concluded Helen; "I am going to leave the historian and the antiquarian entirely out of my calculations. I am going to burn all letters, except business ones, and a very occasional one besides, and I am never going to keep any sort of a flimsy memento longer than one calendar year. In an age when people have to move as often as they do now—and most of us, except the trust magnates, have to live in flats—I shall keep nothing that I do not have to. The sentiment which feeds on such things is apt to degenerate into mawkishness, any way."

Helen, like most young people, was too radical. There is a delicate flower of sentiment the root of which lies in

such mementoes. But a fine discrimination should be used regarding them, and of the two extremes, hers is no doubt the wiser. KATE UPSON CLARK.

For The Children.

MAMMA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"Mamma," said Billy, "what do you want for Christmas?"

"Dear me!" said Billy's mamma, "I dont know of a single thing that I want."

"But you must say you want things," said Billy. "You must—it's a sort of game. It doesn't matter whether you really want the things or not."

"Oh, I didn't understand," said mamma, entering into the game. "Well, then, let me see. I should like a diamond pin."

"And what else?" said Billy. "You must want more."

"I want a long sealskin ulster."

"Say something else—say lots of things."

"I want a new carriage and a lace collar and some curtains for baby's room."

"Mamma," said Billy, coming close to her side and speaking earnestly, "don't you want a card like that one I painted this morning?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said mamma, quickly, "I should love to have a beautiful card like those you paint."

Billy went to the window and looked out at the snow and the sparrows hopping on the walk that ran down to the street.

After a minute or two he came to mamma's side again. "Mamma," he said very solemnly, "I won't say which, 'cause I don't want to spoil your surprise; but one of those things you told me you want you're surely going to get for Christmas."

Mamma leaned over and kissed his bright little face, and said softly, "I do wonder which it will be."—St. Nicholas.

OLD GROUCH.

"Tell us a story, grandpa," "Did I not tell you long ago that my story box is empty?" "Oh, yes, but can't you find just one more?" "Well, I heard a frog croak a few evenings ago, and the sound did uncover a few fragments, which, if I can get your grandma to help me fit them together and then your uncle to type them, I will tell you a story about Old Crouch.

Who was old Crouch? He was a neighbor of ours in my early boyhoods days. I will try to tell you oft him as well as I can. Of his family I know nothing, except of his two boys, Joshua and Caleb, boys from four to eight years of age. The croaking of the frog the other night reminded me of his story. We called him old but I think he could hardly have passed his fiftieth year. He was an eccentric body; eccentric would hardly cover some of his actions. He was tall and thin and seemed loosely put together. In walking his head hung forward and his shoulders drooped, his arms dangling at his side. He seemed to take delight in frightening the boys and tantalizing them. Our parents taught their boys not to be afraid of him. If he found a boy who withstood his teasing, the next time they met, the boy was likely to get a piece of candy or a handful of raisins. The boys thought he had been an athlete, as he performed many tricks, turning handsprings and summersaults, and jumping high in the air, knocking his heels together two or three times before reaching the ground, standing on his head with his feet high in the air. Some of these tricks we boys would try to emulate, to his great delight.

He lived on the opposite side of the street from our house, a quarter of a mile below; at some distance back of his house was a pond well supplied with water from a creek, which made an ideal home for frogs of all sizes, from big, brown-backed bull frogs, the size of a man's foot, to small green fellows not bigger than his big toe. All of them appeared to have well-trained voices. When they began their concert in the evening there was music in the air, the big frogs leading off in a deep, bass voice, "Crouch, Crouch, Crouch," followed by a tenor voice, "Joshua, Joshua, Joshua," then came the high soprano, "Caleb, Caleb, Caleb." In my childish imagination, I thought they were ridiculing or defying Old Crouch. One summer afternoon he found half a dozen of school boys playing. He came up to them and looked them over carefully and exclaimed, "I want a boy to eat without salt; I never use salt when I eat a boy." Here he stretched his long neck and glared his eyes in search of signs of timidity. On this occasion the largest boy in the crowd began to show fear and skulled behind the lesser ones. When the old man saw him he pointed his finger at him and said, I guess you'll do. You are a little bigger boy than I ever ate without salt but I'll try you. With that he made a grab at him. The boy was so frightened he screamed and fell in a faint. The old man did not eat the child, but the neighbors made a great deal of talk about it.

A few days later as the shades of evening were falling our folks were talking about how old Crouch frightened the boy; I was sitting in my little chair beside the open door. I spoke up loud, "I ain't afraid of Old Crouch!" 'Ain't you afraid of Old Crouch?" said a gruff voice, and a pair of hands grasped me by the shoulders and threw me over on his back and ran into the the road with me. Meanwhile I was delighted to use his back for a drum and my heels for drum sticks, and I squealed with laughter. He carried me up the road a ways and set me down and ran back to the house. "Well, Mrs. Cooke, I can't scare your boys," said he.

About this time he left our neighborhood and was living in the village. One early spring day he was chopping wood a mile or more from his home when two boys from the town came running to the woods in great haste, panting for breath. "Your wife went to the well for a bucket of water," they told him, "and she has fallen and broken her leg." "You are wanted to come home as soon as possible." He dropped his ax and made haste for home. In passing through the town he called for the doctor and took him along. When he arrived at his house he found his wife about her work, as well as usual. He had been caught in one of his own traps. He was told that the boys ought to be punished but he would not hear to it. He had served them tricks many times and did not consent that they should be punished for returning the compliment.

Time sped on; Crouch had left our part of the country and had gone west. Word had come back that he, when out on a peddling trip, with a pack on his back, had been killed and robbed. We had moved also and were now living in Ohio. I had grown from a boy of four or five to a youth of twenty, and was away from home, paddling my own canoe. One day I received a letter from home, and an item of news it contained was, that a day or two ago, when mother was in the kitchen; preparing the evening meal, a tramp found his way to the kitchen door and

begged for a meal and a night's lodging. Mother told the tramp that we were not in the habit of entertaining travelers but that there was a good hotel a little way down the street, where he could obtain accommodations. He began making excuses, saying he was young and spry, had traveled a long way that day and would rather stop here. Mother said, "If I did not know old Crouch was dead, I would think you were he." At this the old man gave a whoop, leaped high from the flour and knocked his heels together in his old way. The identification was undoubted. It was Old Crouch. We gave him lodgings that night, for old acquaintance's sake, and when he left us next morning it was the last we ever saw of Old Crouch.

JOSEPH COOKE.

Berkeley, Cal., Nov. 1916.

To come in contact with a great soul, to feel its influence, is to have new life breathed into one. It is to have all that is noble within the self rescued from the pettiness of human surroundings, and lifted into an atmosphere where it beholds, though in another, the possibilities of its own divinity. Such an atmosphere can be created only through the life of one who lives with God every day and every hour.—Florence Palmer King.

Nothing can work me damage but myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault.

Easy things are seldom worth while, and easy money is a trial few can stand.

Our endurance, our self-sacrifice, our bitter conquest of wrong, are latent forces that, set free in a changed air, become strength, ecstasy, the peace that passeth understanding.—Stopford A. Brooke.

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